

The TRUE
T R I A L
O F
Understanding:

O R
W I T Newly Reviv'd,
Being a BOOK of
R I D D L E S,
Adorned with Variety of
P I C T U R E S.

New Riddles make both *Wit & Mirth*
The Price a Penny, yet not half the
Worth. By S. M.

Printed and Sold in
L O N D O N:

Wit newly Revived;

OR, A

Book of Excellent New Riddles.

Q U E S T I O N.

WHAT I beheld in glory bright,
Rejoic'd my heart and pleas'd
'Twas beautiful and fair,
It pass'd thro' the street,
Besides myself some thousands see't ;
'Twas lin'd with prudent care.



A. The royal Crown on his Majesty's Head

Q. While I do flourish here on earth,
By me my young ones nourished are;
I have a thousand at a birth,
And yet I take no thought nor care.



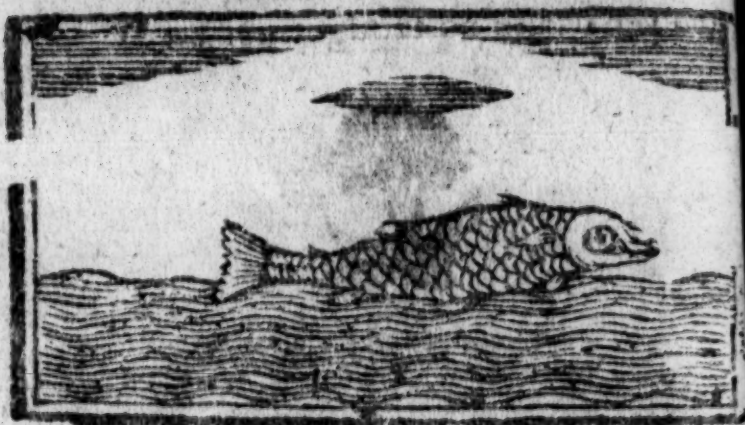
A. A Gooseberry Bush.

Q. This moment I was not at all,
Then I in the world do fall,
And if not careful I annoy,
For where I come I do destroy.

A. A Fire from a Flint and Steel, before
Struck was nothing, but when falling on Timber
without Care will destroy.

Q. Tho' it be cold I wear no cloaths,
The frost and snow I never fear,
I value neither shoes nor hose,
And yet I wander far and near:
Both meat and drink are always free,
I drink no cyder, mum, nor beer,

What Providence doth send to me,
I neither buy, nor sell, nor lack.



A. *A Herring swimming in the Sea.*

Q. I have a head, but ne'er an eye,
I have no legs, but wings to fly;
When on an errand I am sent,
I cleave the very element.



A. *A Sculler's Boat, the water's the Element, the Scullers are the wings.*

Q. My back is bare, my belly's thin,
As many often have beheld,

My guts are quite within my skin,
Where they are scrap'd, but never fill'd.



A. VIOLIN.

Q. What tho' I have a nauseous breath,
Yet many a one will me commend,

I am beloved after death,
And serviceable unto my friend.

A. This is Tobacco after cut and dry'd, being
dead, becometh serviceable.



A. A DRUM.

Q. I am both bound and beaten too,
Yet there are few that pity take

Those who my heavy stripes do view,
Are pleased at the noise I make.

My strength is powerful and great,
 'Tis true, altho' it seemeth strange
 I carry many a thousand weight,
 With which I many miles do range:
 By night and day I do protest,
 I scarce have half an hour's rest.

A. The Tide in the River Thames.

Q. Once hairy scenter did transgress,
 Whose dame, both powerful and fierce,
 Tho' hairy scenter took delight,
 To do the thing both fair and right,
 Upon a Sabbath day.



*A. An old Woman whipping her Cat for
 catching Mice on a Sunday.*

Q. When first I in the world was seen,
I had no sign of sense,

My mother she was poor and near,
Not worth then passing eighteen pence
The I another mother had,

By whom I first became alive,
By her I first was likewise glad,
And now I for a living strive.



*F A. A Chicken from an Egg, laid by one Hen
and hatch'd by another.*

Q. While I did live I food did give,
Which many one did daily eat;
Now being dead, you see they tread
Me under foot about the street.

*A. A Cow who, while she lived, gave Milk,
for Food; but being dead her hide makes Lea-
ther, and the Leather makes Shoes, which we
tread under our Feet.*

Q. I thro' the town do take my flight,
Thro' the fields and meadows green,

And whether it be day or night,
I neither am nor can be seen.

A. It is the wind.

Q. Promotion lately was bestow'd
Upon a person mean and small;
Then many persons to him flow'd,
Yet he return'd no thanks at all;
But yet their hands were ready still,
To help him with their kind good-will.



A. It is a Man pelted in the Pillory.

Q. As I was walking one night,
Thro' a window I chanc'd to spy,

A gallant with his heart's delight,
 He knew not that I was so nigh;
 He kissed her and close did he
 To pretty little wanton gill,
 Until he did her favor get,
 And likewise did obtain his will.



*A. A young Man in a Tavern, drinking of
 aish of Sack to cheer up his Spirits, which by
 drinking he obtained his will.*

2. I lived in a house of glass,
 Where I with glorious beams was blest,
 But at length it come to pass,
 That I was closely dispossess

They being brought to open view, *My A*
 As I the naked truth may tell;
 I was both fle'd and quarter'd too,
 By those that lov'd me passing well;

A. A Musk Melon.

Q. There was a sight near Charing Cross,
 A creature almost like a horse;
 But when I came the beast to see,
 The head was where the Tail should be.



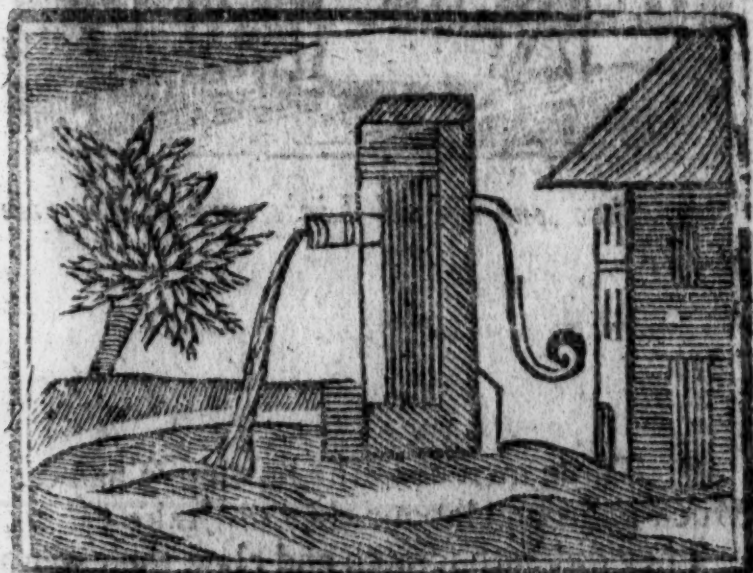
A. A Mare tied with her tail to the Manger.

Q A dreadful sight I did behold,
 Which might indeed my ruin prove,

It is as true as ever was told,
 Out of his mouth came smoke and flame,
 Both morning, noon, and night;
 They came to see the fight.

A. *It is a Baker's Oven.*

Q I see a fight the other day,
 A damsel did begin the fray;
 She with a daisy friend did meet,
 Then standing in the open street:
 She gave such hard and sturdy blows,
 He bled ten gallons at the nose,
 Yet never seem'd to faint or fall,
 Nor gave her no abuse at all.



A. *A PUMP.*

Q As I walked thro' the streets,
 It was near twelve o'clock at night;
 Two all in black I chanc'd to meet,
 Their eyes like flaming fire bright
 They pass'd by, nothing said,
 Therefore I was not much afraid.



A. Two long lighted Links carried along the
 Street.

Q Three men near the flowing Thames,
 Much pains and labour they did take;
 They did both scratch and claw their wems
 Until their very hearts did ache.

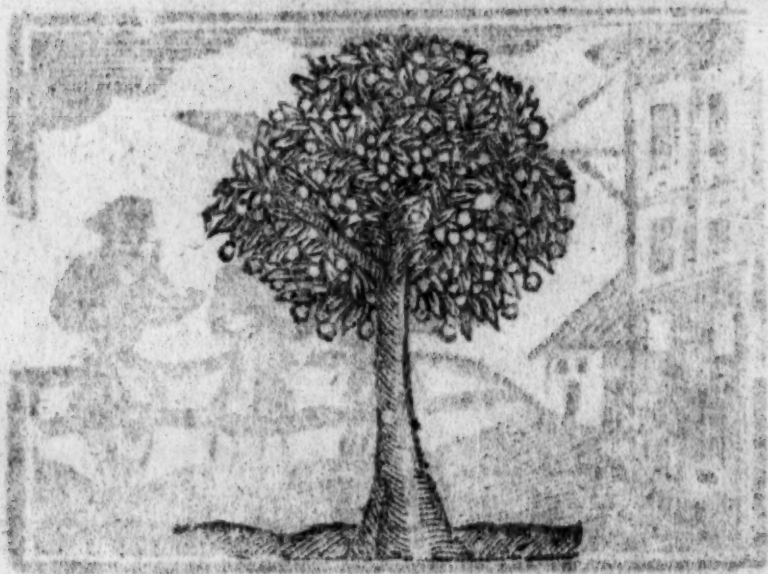
It is as true as g'er was told,
Therefore this Riddle now unfold.



A. Three Fiddlers in Thames-Street, who
played up a bridegroom in the Morning, who
gave them nothing to drink.

Q. Full forty years I once did live,
And oftentimes I food did give;
Yet all that time I did not roam
So much as half a mile from home;
But I liv'd free from care and strife,
'Till at last I lost my life.

And since my death it will appear,
I travel now both far and near.



A. It is an Oak Tree, which while alive
afforded Acorns to feed Swine; but after Death
being Built into a Ship, sailed from Nation to
Nation.

Q. A suit was bought and was bestow'd!
Upon a person graciously:

It was according to her degree:

There likewise happened to be his lot,

A costly house, well built and neat:

Though he had it knew it not,

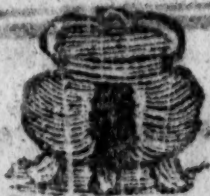
Outside and in were both complete.

Expound this Riddle out of hand,
The owner hath no house nor land.



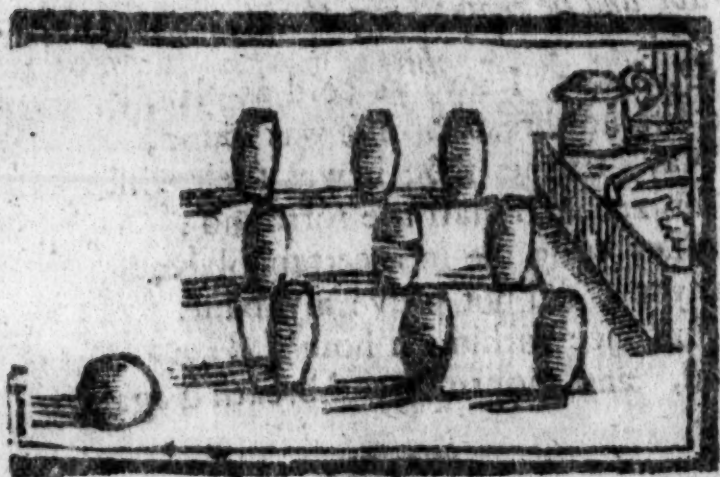
A The suits of Crape bestowed upon a deceased
Body; the House is the Coffin, the Land is the
Grave and he knoweth not that he possesses either.

Q. I was, I lay, as cold as clay, |
No life nor breath in me was found,
Nay, further still, it was their will,
A brazen wall shall me surround;
They hung me in a certain place,
But yet it did not prove my bane,
For once within an hour's space
I liv'd, and mourn'd, and breath'd again.



A. A Brass Pot of cold Water, with which
it remaineth so, did neither stir nor move, but be-
ing put into a Chimney over a good Fire, it soon
boiled, and the Steam betokens the Breath.

Q. Ralph Trundle was a jolly blade,
 Of mighty courage, stout, and free,
 And many a worthy march he made,
 At once to fight with three times three;
 I'll tell you how the coast he clears,
 He gets himself among the throng,
 And kicks and cuffs them by the ears,
 And fairly lays them all along.
 Altho' he's short and they be tall,
 He oftentimes does throw them all.



A. A Bowl with Nine-Pins.

Q. I lived tho' I had no lands,
 I took no thought or care at all,

I had a house not built with hands,
 But mind at last what did befall;
 Stout hearted men with naked knives
 Beset my house with all my crew,
 If I had ne'er so many lives,
 I must be slain and eaten too.



A. An Oyster while it lived in the Sea; the Shell betokeneth the House, but at last opened with a Knife.

Q. Can you the sense of this devile,
 A mouth to drink but cannot go,
 A nose and half a hundred eyes,
 From whence my tears do often flow,
 I seldom weep in winter time,
 Altho' the weath-r's ne'er so cold,
 When Flora she is in her prime,
 My tears you often may behold.

A. A watering-pot; the Mouth is where it leaks water; the holes betoken the Eyes, from whence it flows upon the Herbs, though not in winter, but in Summer often.

Q. I have two eyes that do shine bright,
 Yet I have neither legs nor feet,
 But yet I have a mouth to bite,
 But tho' I have I never eat,
 My meat my master makes his prey,
 'Tis good against a rainy day.



A. *A Taylor's Sheers; the Holes betoken Eyes, the Sheers bite many a Customer, of which the Taylor makes his prey.*

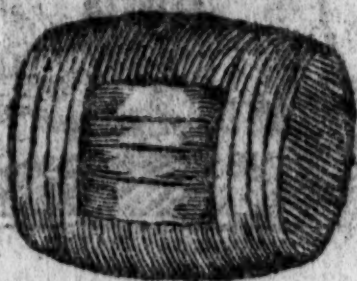
Q. As red and green lay both in fight,
 Two hairy ravens then did run,
 Who then in a fury fell to fight,
 To try who had the wager won:
 But red and green they grinded small,
 For they had no remorse at all.

A. *Two Sons run a race for a bunch of Carrots, though one got it by Running, and the other by fighting.*

Q. Full forty eyes, and yet no head,
I never lie within a bed ;
My lodging is against a wall.
Now tell me what my name they call

A. *A Lettice Sieve.*

Q. My living is within a Wood,
am at any one's command ;
I often do more hurt than good,
If once I get the upper hand.
I never fear no companion's frown,
Stout things I oftentimes have done ;
Brave soldiers I can fell them down,
never fear their sword nor gun.



A. *It is Strong Beer, the Barrel is the Wood,
but when it gets into Men's Heads, it often sells
them down.*

Q. There is a steeple standing far,
Tis built upon rock of care ;

Therein a noise both fierce and shrill,
Tho' here was neither clock nor bell.



A. An evil woman scolding in an high crown'd
Hat

Q. My weapon is exceeding keen,
Of which I think I well may boast,

And

And I'll encourage Colonel Green,
 Together with his mighty host,
 With me they could not then compare;
 I conquer them both great and small,
 Tho' thousands stood before me there,
 I stood and got no harm at all.



A. *A Man mowing of Grass with a Scythe
 which took all before it*

Q. I saw five birds all in a cage,
 Each bird had but one single wing,

They

And

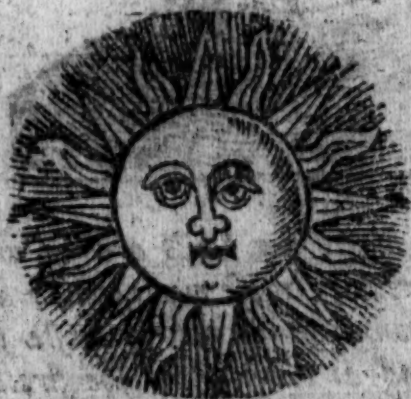
They were an hundred years of age:
 And yet fly and sweetly sing,
 The wonder did my mind possess,
 When I beheld her age and strength:
 Besides, as near as I can guess,
 Their tails were thirty feet in length.



A. A Peel of Bell's in a Steeple.

Q. At

Q. At once I am in France and Spain,
 And likewise many nations more,
 While I am in my gloomy reign,
 I give the world a mighty store.



A. The SUN.

Q. A bird that flies to foreign parts,
 Assisted by her lovely wings,
 And in her belly many hearts,
 Nay, I will tell you stranger things,
 When she is in no haste she rides,
 And then she mends her pace anon,
 With fire flying from her sides,
 Expound this Riddle if you can.

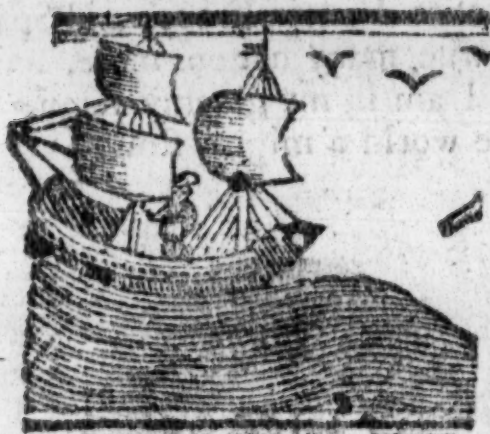


A. It is a Ship, her Sails are her wings, the
Seamens Hearts are those many which are with-
in her, and when she is not in haste she rides
at Anchor, and at other times she fireth off her
Guns, which betokeneth Fire from her sides.

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F I N I S.

A. And then she rises to her feet, and
is lifted by her lovely wings,
And in her dolly many hearts
May I will not you danger things,
When she is in the air, she flies
And then she needs her pace and
With me flying from her feet,
Exposed this Riddle if you can.



A. It is a Ship, her Sails are her wings, the
Seamens Hearts are those many which are with-
in her, and when she is not in haste she rides
at Anchor, and at other times she fireth off her
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F I N I S.

